



豐 JEDI  
MIND  
TRICKS

The Bridge  
& The Abyss

ES-CD-1801

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Al Bid-Aya"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

*[Jiddu Krishnamurti:]*

"Does God exist, or not? Yes, or no? If yes, how best to realise him in this life?

Man throughout history from the ancient Greeks, from the ancient Sumerians, had this idea of God, right? I am not at all sure whether in the Upanishads and... whether they mention God at all. Or is it a later invention? What is God? I am not attacking God... I am not... denying god... but we are investigating whether there is such a thing as God"

*[Yes Alexander:]*

Only what you fear  
Like this war unreal  
See behind the veil  
You want the hearts to fail  
Give them my all your seed  
But your spine they'll keep  
Destroying your body  
Fuck them, come break free

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "San La Muerte"

Yeah  
My mic sound good?  
Yeah (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)  
One-two, one-two  
Yeah (Raise the gates)  
Look. Yeah. (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)  
Listen  
Yeah

It's node sub-optimal, so watch it when the Ruger spit  
Record the homicide so I can watch how many views it get  
Fuck the world, fuck 'em all, I'm tired of this music shit  
The goombah gon' move regardless of who producing it  
You dumb if you don't think that it's a shot gon' fly  
I will cross your fucking T's and I will dot that eye  
I will pop that nine, I will tighten the grip  
You a sucka, you the type to take advice from a bitch  
He defied God so he had to get his name cursed  
Armed to the teeth, carry metal like a change purse  
Make a list of raw motherfuckers, put my name first  
Every single line is by design to make your brain burst  
High like a motherfucker, I ain't hit the ground yet  
Dumpin' till the whole clip empty like a sound check  
Twenty plus years, Ahki, I ain't lost a round yet  
Kemetic Orthodoxy where the ritual was founded

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched  
Motherfuckers is running up on me  
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot  
All these shooters is running up on me  
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper  
Motherfuckers is dying around me  
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen  
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

So come hell or high water I'mma watch for the drop  
I make this graveyard crowded like a popular spot  
Nowadays it's kinda hard to tell a cop from a ahk  
I'mma aim the chopper either way and pop who I pop  
Listen, he a traitor so he left for the hills  
Screaming high-pitched, crying like he Stephanie Mills  
Ain't no iller voice in this shit  
Die now or die later, that's the choices you get  
It's moist and it's wet, living here is literally hell  
Bodies stacking when I crack 'em like the Liberty Bell  
This dummy broke, looking at the bottom of the pint  
I'm coming with the heater like the bottom of the ninth

That's Allah and that's my life, wanna see me it's nothing  
Just know that either way with me it's gonna be a concussion  
Body bags everywhere, machetes here to chop 'em up  
Put his body on ice and slap him like a hockey puck

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched  
Motherfuckers is running up on me  
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot  
All these shooters is running up on me  
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper  
Motherfuckers is dying around me  
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen  
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rashindun Caliphate"

Yeah, Jedi Mind

Look, yeah

Ayo doggy this about to get real, real dark  
The bulldogs barkin' and them steel wheels dart  
I don't call it theft if you steal real art  
I'm like Benny Hinn medicine real deal heart  
I'mma have him looking through his hands like peekaboo  
This nerd seen looking for his body like Pikachu  
They don't have to look far, he dead in the cathedral  
He don't need air plus the body bag breathable  
They still out here pitching the coach  
And them D's waiting on him like a slippery slope  
If you want the man to hang himself then give him a rope  
And it's 10 below out here give him his coat  
Your ass bent watch somebody playing with the shooter  
Now the shooter gonna have to aim at your medulla  
Everybody know Vinnie keeping it stacked  
Everything above board, I'ma leave it at that

A young man went to see the world  
What did he find? He found a war  
He learned to kill, and then to cry  
Until he cried no more

Ye, put you in the solar system with Shamesh  
The murder came easy to me but I digress  
Who want romp with me? Hmm?, why test  
Oh, y'all wanna hate on me? God bless  
Son thought living was the center of his purpose  
But he ain't have God at the center of his worship  
It's like the venom of the serpent  
Talking to a person who a veteran insurgent  
He like Medusa in the pit but he don't know he dealing with the nucleus of this  
See, I'm the Lex Luthor of this shit and I'm gonna have to find another boot for you to kiss  
The fire gonna burn and I'm lighting the gas  
That's the easy way to learn now he enlightened to ask  
It's twenty-plus years and we did it our way  
Lights dimmed down Vinnie hallway

A young man went to see the world  
What did he find? He found the war  
He learned to kill, and then to cry  
Until he cried no more

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Freshco & Miz"

"I mean, I understand it's a business  
But come on, make an another reason why you made it for 50-60 dollars  
I find dollar records that, that is, you know, and that's the truth  
Because they all, they all start at a dollar  
The guy that showed you that beat and it becomes so popular  
He got it for a dollar or 50 cents, he didn't pay two hundred dollars for it (he payed 50 dollars)  
And you know, he didn't pay anything for it  
He payed a dollar, two dollars  
Five dollars, tops  
Now all of a sudden the fucking record is two hundred-something dollars  
No, no, no, no, fuck that"

Yeah  
We on that Freshco & Miz shit our here, pop  
Listen, one two, yeah, yeah

Listen, money, you ain't gettin' nothin' from me  
And the eighth of sour diesel medication for me  
And the shit you spit – that's softer than vapid to me  
All you get is hard work and dedication for me  
And my brother Stoupe, he cook in a basement with me  
That was years ago, now it's like it's ancient to me  
We the definition how you age gracefully, B  
I'm a God-fearer, ya'll are more of Satan to me  
I don't fuck with swine, ya'll a piece of bacon to me  
Ya'll as soft as baby shit, ya'll are jaded to me  
This is complicated, ya'll do it too basically  
And being scary was never a sensation for me  
The best record ever made it take a nation to me  
And this microphone it was always faithful to me  
It cost money just to have a conversation with me  
Time is money, dummy, I ain't got the patience in me, yuh

Listen, yeah  
Listen money, you ain't gettin' notta from me  
Not a penny, not a nickel, not a dollar from me  
Or the Fendi or the Gucci or the Prada for me  
Get a job, muhfucka, stop botherin' me  
[?See I looked at Nicodemo?] like a father to me  
My work effort too crazy to get farther than me  
All you dirty mothafuckers should be honoring me  
It's been twenty years of tryna take my aura from me  
What you see as glamour life is like a horror to me  
I ain't tryna lead a crib, it's always drama for me  
That's the reason why I always got the lama on me  
Cause they tryna hang a motherfuckin' charge over me  
Ain't no judge in his right mind pardoning me

He gon' throw the book at me, ain't no bargain' for me  
I'm a bad lieutenant, you just like a sergeant to me  
Build with gods on another level, father degree, yeah

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "When The Body Goes Cold"

I was born with the devil whispering in my ear  
I'm done trying to fight it  
It's almost as if the darkness has showed me the light  
You are a god

One two, yeah, pack pistol Pazienza  
Yo Stoupe, what up hermano  
Jedi Mind all day  
Listen, check me out, yeah

It's proof positive he never thought before the loss  
This stupid motherfucker put the cart before the horse  
I navigate hurdles like a jockey on a horse  
This stick shift way too sloppy on the Porsche  
Palm sized highs are the double a two shooter  
Pernell Whitaker when he movin' with Lou Duva  
The gold dots don't go in you, they move through you  
I beat a motherfucker like Bruiser abuse Luger  
Sometimes we take it in blood it gotta be rid  
Oh, this pussy want war, man he gotta be shit  
I'm an animal that mean that I'm a monkey on the beat Ooh ooh ah ah  
I don't like you doggy I don't like the company you keep  
He ain't take the L well he about to concede  
He like Stottlemeyer pa, far out of his league  
Listen, Henry the 8th I'm taking his head  
I'm like Yeshua with Lazarus, I'm wacking the dead  
Have his body folded over like he making the bed  
Him no god fearer he gonna worship Satan instead  
See my chopper lonely and she need a oppa to kiss  
I need bodies and your name is at the top of the list, stupid

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some  
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn  
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up  
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed  
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up  
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Oh, you nicer than me money? That's a bald faced lie  
How you worship Scarface knowing Scarface died?  
You know the semi auto spittin when the car race by  
The Bugatti Veyron is Beyonce fly  
This is crack in a pipe and I cooked it in the Pyrex  
O.G. taught a young boy to make a dime stretch  
Junkies everywhere sniffing goma like it's Sinex  
Anybody who doesn't know the time should check their timex  
I met Sean Price and rocked steady where the god rests RIP Sean Price

Blood Runs Cold was recorded in the projects  
The first record was too difficult to digest  
Heavy on delirium and paranoia complex  
Old motherfuckers still live in the past  
And these young boys trash so I'm whipping their ass  
Listen, my shooters push weight like a barbell  
Never stepped on and it's cheaper than a yard sale

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some  
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn  
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up  
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed  
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up  
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Yeah  
Jedi Mind, steadily shine  
Pack pistol Pazienza

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "What She Left Behind"

Tonight on Channel 5 News at 11  
A grizzly story of a step-father gone mad  
The violent details have left the local neighbourhood in shock

I still hear your voice in my mind  
I still hear your voice in my mind  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)

I barely want you here, you think I want them here?  
This is my fucking house, you think that I'ma pretend here?  
They ain't my fucking blood, this ain't my kin here  
Don't make me slap you up again and break a limb here  
And this little one, he always starin' at the wall  
Is he retarded or somethin', or he don't care at all?  
You bring that autism shit up again, I swear to God  
I told you it's all in your head, you couldn't bear the thought  
I told you it's not a disorder, it's bad mothering  
And you don't make it any better, you just choose to smother him  
And this other one, she dresses like a harlot  
So don't come runnin' to me when she claims she gets assaulted  
And boys is gonna be boys, so they ain't to be faulted  
With bitches dressed like that it's cause they wanna be exalted  
So don't give me no fucking excuses, or she could get it too  
I pay the bills in here, we both know that it's never you  
It's my way or the highway, so make a fucking choice  
Cause I don't like the way you make me raise my fucking voice  
Matter fact, I'm outta here, I need a fucking beer  
The choice is yours, get it together or disappear

Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)

Why the fuck ya'll still awake?  
I need some time alone  
The little one is crying, the other always dialin' the phone  
You think I'm being rough on you? Well, I don't think I am  
Watch me when I put you in this yoke and show you who I am  
You're paying attention to me now? Now that I got violent?  
When none of ya'll would move a fucking finger I was silent  
I thought I had this beaten, and I thought that I was past it  
Cause every woman that have come before you got they ass kicked  
One of them was hospitalized, the other one was murdered  
I made it look like accidents, cause both of them deserved it  
But here we are, and I thought I have put this shit behind me

But what I'm feeling now has overcome me and has blind me  
So why the fuck you're trying me?  
I had to break the straw  
And since this little one is cryin I have to break his jaw  
And since your daughter dressing up and trying be a whore  
I have to teach her a lesson and slide up in her raw  
But that can wait for now, I'm gonna finish what I've started  
I told your boy to shut his fucking mouth, is he retarded?  
I'm the fucking victim here, the one who's brokenhearted  
The one who no one loved, who was mistreated and discarded  
The one who got abused and who was beaten all his life  
The one who got confused and who was bleeding from the knife  
I was drug through the mud, I was condescended  
So I'ma take the three ya'll with me and I'ma end it  
The cops is on their way now? Well, I ain't goin' to federal  
But I ain't dyin' alone so now the three of ya'll is dead too

I still hear your voice in my mind  
I still hear your voice in my mind  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)  
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na)

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Death Toll Rising"

Yeah, Jedi Mind  
Pack Pistol Pazzy  
Yo Stoupe, hermano, yeah

You talking gunplay? Well let's play with them guns  
See, Allah don't like ugly and you stay in the slums  
Pazienza take flights while you begging with bums  
The cult of the black virgin isn't safe in the sun  
Heckler & Koch, black ski mask and an onion  
This motherfucker crack a smile like he's laughing at somethin'  
Take his batiman hard like I'm snatching it from him  
He ain't smart enough to understand assassins is comin'  
I'm blasting this son, this something put you in the tomb  
And that whopper go (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta) shoot through the room  
My dude I'm a goon, strapped with two-two's in the womb  
See and Pazzy's spelling something and it's usually doom  
Shit is gonna get ugly if you violate my space  
The six pack click-clack barrel in his face  
Them jump out boys will hit you without warning  
Bring pies to your crib like this was a housewarming  
(Welcome to the neighborhood!)

Hold up doggy, that's the type of weapon you with?  
That's the type of bullshit you should've left in the whip  
You ain't worthy of the bullets I got left in the clip  
Soon as shit starts popping I go right for the grip  
I'm liable to flip, serial killer and it's copycat  
The Mossberg lean, it's 7 percent bodyfat  
You the main producer of predictable punani rap  
Chamber pressure pushes the bullet and push his body back  
You cookin' in the kitchen but avoiding the chef  
I'm like Heisenberg, mastermind, boiling meth  
Homie have to take an L it's unavoidable death  
They say the plant'll grow sturdy if the soil is wet  
On some greaseball shit, overflowing with gravy  
Don't tell me about the pain just show me the baby  
On some De La shit pa, I am who I be  
The executioner is coming and it's probably me  
Muerte!

## **Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics**

**"Shed The Skin To Receive The World (Interlude)"**  
**(feat. Yes Alexander)**

Do you remember how we met?

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Certified Dope"

(feat. Eamon)

Yeah  
One, two  
One, two  
One, two  
Yeah  
One, two  
One, two  
One, two  
Aight look  
Yeah

Anybody think they can't test the bol, prolly  
Word bond, this is the best, that Sean Connery  
We pure, come from the chest of Bob Marley  
Abstain from the ways of the flesh, that's not godly  
Cube started out on the west with my posse  
No pork I don't put mess in my body  
Bullets gonna rip through the vest like hot saki  
Always gonna give you the best, but not Robby  
Everything herb and liquor like hot toddy  
We gon' trick 31 like Rob Zombie  
You can't control the drum, you rock sloppy  
I don't play second fiddle, I'm not Scottie  
If Vinnie gonna spray the block, he rock shotty  
The .45 caliber kick and stop Roddy's  
Weisenthal loaded the clip and shot Nazis  
Now to rhyme, made a decision and shot Gandhi

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!

(One two) Shot  
(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!

(One two) Nine  
Hah hah

There's no choice wielding here, salute Generals  
Cops trying to get him on lock to boost Federal  
They said Vinnie one of the best but too technical  
When I tried slowin' it down it's too sensical  
The covenant dark in the soul, the Blue Sentinel  
Call this little 9 a dime and shoot ten at you  
The mark that we made in the game, too indelible  
God made dirt, and dirt produce vegetables  
My heart pumps, runnin' the lane, you move minimal  
It's octopus slums so beware a few tentacles  
The rhyme too fine and the wine too delectable

My voice wave stronger than yours, it move decibels  
Manowar making it loud and move decibel  
The snare don't knock and the kick is too minimal  
Sayin' that you're better than dirt is too literal  
Straight left over the jab induce medical  
Muerte

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!  
(One two) Shot

(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!  
(One two) Nine

Hah hah

Yeah  
Stoupe what up

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Hell's Henchman"

Yeah

One, two, pack pistol Pazienza  
Yo, Stoupe, yeah yeah this shit's crazy  
Yeah

He ain't gonna act right

He ain't got a one two

Murder, murder gunplay

All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here  
Sniff OC's and dope d's 'round here

It's no honor amongst thieves

You should've knew he was foul

Ain't no beating me you dummies should've threw in the towel

And if I owe you, Vinnie threw in the vow

And these pistols gonna blow like we do in the trap

Listen, I saw son name scribbled on the document

Disembodied Nephilim aboriginal occupant

The witchcraft watches an indivisible monument

Nebuchadnezzar, the prophetic vision of Solomon

A real thin line between the Wesson and the sword

Pistol gang Pazzy have you questioning the lord

You backwards motherfuckers wrestling with fraud

Recording in the bedroom the best you can afford

There's sneaker boxes but there ain't no shoes up in the box

The rap Paul Bunyan, Vinnie moving with an ox

Pistolero Pazzy gonna be shooting at an ock

The 50 cal Barret lift a loser out his socks

He ain't gonna act right

He ain't got a one two

Murder, murder gunplay

All these killers hunt you

No honor amongst thieves 'round here

Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right

He ain't got a one two

Murder, murder gunplay

All these killers hunt you

We cut coke and sell jums round here

We push dope and tote guns round here

I ain't fucking with you money I'm just grinding through the gristle

I kept my eyes peeled because I'm riding with a whistle

Fiocchi hollow points, they just colliding with the tissue

The makti and Gaadafi were providing me with missiles  
This dirty motherfucker always cooking me the pies  
The same motherfucker couldn't look me in the eyes  
I know the fucking D's gonna book me if he dies  
His head got popped boy, you shouldn't be surprised  
You got shooters? I got shooters, we can do the thing  
Once they see the guns they gonna be talking like they Pootie Tang  
Bullets coming back at motherfuckers like a boomerang  
They knock me on some stupid shit and have me doing two in chains  
Did a lot of talking when the powder on his man  
There's burn marks and gunpowder on my hand  
What type of shit is that? That's the move a sucker make  
You don't wanna scrap I'll take you out like it's a fuckin' date

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you  
No honor amongst thieves 'round here  
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right  
He ain't got a one two  
Murder, murder gunplay  
All these killers hunt you  
We cut coke and sell jums round here  
We push dope and tote guns round here

Yeah, pack pistol Pazzy

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "God Forsaken"

Yeah, Jedi Mind

Listen

The big four fifth gon' split 'em in the middle  
In a little I'mma riddle, I be feeling kinda brittle  
I was dealing with the ghetto I was feeling for the ghetto  
I was feeling for the metal and my feet was on the pedal  
I was feeling like Geppetto I was showing them the plans  
And the pain far worse if you know it in advance  
It was going to the hands and it's over with a dance  
When you're walking over sands in the holiest of lands  
And the holiest of man told me put it in a rhymebook  
You would never understand the beauty othe f the rhyme, look  
Blood is on the rhymebook, blood is on the walls  
And the blood is dripping everywhere similar to jaws  
And it's similar to wars and the chopper gon' spit  
For every single rhyme there's a Llama getting hit  
I was silent for a bit but I'm back for the crown  
With the black and the brown and a mac and a pound  
Yeah

They put a lean on you and the beam on you  
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you  
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

Hit 'em with a long pipe jig 'em with a long knife  
Hit 'em in the middle and I grill 'em with a bombstrike  
Show 'em what the god like show 'em how to die  
Show them that it ain't nobody holier than I  
If they holier than I then they holier than Jah  
And they holier than anybody roaming in the sky

It's colder in July the blacksmith anvil popping off low key that'll get your man killed  
Turn 'em in the landfill turn 'em into particles  
The forty round chrome mac attachment make it possible [?]  
I had to kill 'em honorable I had to kill 'em fast  
And I had to build a legacy I had to build a path  
I be building with the gods so I gotta deal with math  
And I'm all about the fetty so I gotta deal with cash  
And the shotty pointed at him so he had to do the dash  
And he had to break north and he had to do it fast

They put a lean on you and the beam on you  
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you

They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Legacy Of The Prophet"  
(feat. Sean Price)

[Sean Price:]  
Yo, let's play gats for hire  
Slung when I was young I set stray cats on fire  
Sick puppy, I shoot doberman pinschers  
Now niggas think I'm crazy and I notice their whispers  
I know that you novice, promoting your garbage  
Pro bono, no homo, we toting the large shit  
I wrote this rap on the stoop  
Beat made by Stoupe, stupid with execute  
Bet I rhyme slick, rhyme fuck your mind up, the Jedi Mind Trick  
Cocaine and weed shit, bet I'm high bitch  
Blow strains, you bleed bitch let 'em die quick (P!)  
Totin' the gat nigga  
Up in the voter's booth I'm voting for black niggas  
I slump your resident, slap niggas who want Trump for president

P

[Vinnie Paz:]  
You can say whatever, it can be whatever  
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better  
Let the truth be told  
We just stacking this cheddar  
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever  
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better  
Let the truth be told  
We just stacking this cheddar  
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Either way somebody dying I will get him or his man  
I got shooters from the bottom that will hit him for a band  
I will chastise a disbeliever, hit him on his hand  
Survivalist, I'm telling you I'm living off the land  
Afghani indica I'm paranoid as dollar sign  
Young boys will shoot this motherfucker like it's Columbine  
Equality and fairness an injustice of the paradigm  
The fifty cal always close to me like a pal of mine  
It's no telling when the felon will clap  
Donatello, I will leave a fucking shell on your back  
Body in flame you gonna need a Relafen pack  
See my money long I'm talking about an elephant stack  
Tall man undertaker, haul 'em and I bag 'em  
You getting close to fire, B, you talking to a dragon  
I will line 'em up and let them know the whopper will blast  
And the bullets hit a tree it's gonna chop it in half

You can say whatever, it can be whatever  
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better  
Let the truth be told  
We just stacking this cheddar  
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever  
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better  
Let the truth be told  
We just stacking this cheddar  
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Sean Price forever!

You know what the deal is  
Ain't another brother seeing me  
You better recognize  
Any MC who gets mean now that's a dumb move  
You know what the deal is  
Whack MCs need to stay away, put the mic down

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"You Have One Devil But Five Angels"

Wa-watch out  
Come from the east  
Coming from the east side  
Wa-watch out  
Wa-wa-watch out  
The infinity  
Coming from the east side  
Come from the east  
Wa-watch out  
Wa-wa -- wa-wa-watch out

Yeah  
I expected nothin' less, this dummy came with his man  
But as stupid as he is, he shoulda came with a plan  
See, technologically this is enslavement of man  
The heart of the abode, or the believers in shame  
Whether you speak Yoruba, Santería and witchcraft  
I ain't even know they made a roly for your bitch ass  
All it take a little bit of buzz for you to get gas  
Enjoy yourself stupid, this shit will be over quick, fast  
The hell day, Halloween, demon was born  
And money, death is waiting for you like I'm beepin' a horn  
My shooters move the D like they be with Mahorn [?]  
Impale a mothafucka, go to sleep when it's dawn  
You ain't got no aura, B, ain't no type of showmanship  
Rigor mortis, body dead, lookin' like you pose for flix  
Ain't too accurate to barb with a rum  
And my biscuit always with me like we father and son, stupid

Yeah, listen, listen  
Yeah, I had it up to here with this bitch  
Take a body for another body like we switch shifts  
You don't wanna be on the shit list  
Pull the chopper out and fire on him like he dismiss (ta-ta-ta)  
It's pyrex everywhere and baking soda, Bisquick  
It's dark here, the average person couldn't handle this shit  
There's bodies piled up like Nostradamus predicted  
Talkin' out the side your fuckin' mouth will get you lifted (ta-ta-ta)  
The SUV is a convertible van  
Head shot, body shot like Roberto Duran  
How this pussy turn stayed after he murdered his man  
I'm fabulous overseas, free birds in Japan  
Have these bullets flyin' just to see his vertical span  
Now these gloves is comin' off like I'm nursin' my hand  
Revere me as a God, Ming the Merciless, man  
This a Leatherface chainsaw surgical plan  
Muerte!



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Marciano's Reign"

(feat. Scott Stallone)

The rain is gods tears, it pours when he cry  
But know that you welcome in his arms when you die  
The rain is the form of a gas in the sky  
That bring back life to a plant when it's dry  
The rain purify and wash away dirt  
And wash away anything in your life that could hurt  
Rain is water in its most pure form  
The rain pour down make it cool when it's warm  
The rain sound good on my pain when I'm sleep  
The ocean love rain and the drain in the deep  
Rain play a role in protecting the ground  
Prevents us from the the politicians lettin' us down  
The rain known to alleviate stress  
So go for a walk in the rain it's the best  
The rain came then the love came over me  
Its Pete's Theme let the love rain over me

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain  
Let me know the cold and how it feels  
And I'll never turn away  
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain  
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today

Embrace the pain boy it's good for the soul  
You face the pain and see it could make you whole  
Ignoring the pain will make you hurt someone else  
Go towards pain it's a gain for the self  
Pain isn't bad it could make you feel free  
It isn't life threatening it make me feel me  
Kill two birds with one stone, even three  
By recognizing pain is too painful to see  
Pain is the opposite, run it to hell fleein'  
Negative emotion is key to well being  
Anger and pain are an important part of life  
Important as the way the sun sets in the night  
Pain can help you breathe and calculate fact  
Give you time to think and evaluate that  
Accepting the pain by breathing slow, breathe deep  
And you will never have to feel pain when you sleep

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain  
Let me know the cold and how it feels  
And I'll never turn away  
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain  
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Torture Chamber"  
(feat. CZARFACE)

B-B-Breathe  
I-Is you with me?  
Yes, yes  
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)  
Breathe  
Oh-Oh yeah  
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe  
I-Is you with me?  
Yes, yes  
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)  
Breathe  
Oh-Oh yeah  
Just you wait

*[Inspectah Deck:]*

They onto your name when you reach the top  
How I got 'em lined up, have it lookin' like a new Jordan sneaker drop  
That's when the speaking stop  
That's when the creepers plot  
That's cause the hate start to burn like tequila shots  
That's cause I came from the bottom now I'm here  
As long as you don't step in my airs then I don't care  
Got a one way ticket to Cashville  
Still make dome spin faster than Jag wheels and that's real  
Wanna swim with the shark, think you big fish?  
I ain't talking hairstyles how your wig's twist  
I'm talking reckless  
I'm talking effortless  
I talk later I'm checking off my checklist  
That's the bank I get  
For devil's loose lips, green eyes, screw face – that's the thanks I get  
High rank I set  
While you be in your BCBG's frontin' on some gangsta shit

B-B-Breathe  
I-Is you with me?  
Yes, yes  
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)  
Breathe  
Oh-Oh yeah  
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe  
I-Is you with me?

Yes, yes  
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)  
Breathe  
Oh-Oh yeah  
Just you wait

*[Esoteric:]*

We're the rhyming replacement for Michael Myers and Jason  
A homicidal invasion, I'll watch you die in a basement  
I'll put your spine in a basin  
I'll cut your limbs into thirds  
Cause you ain't half the rapper that you was, shits for the birds  
You're where I'm flowin' on a rabid hunt  
I'm bussin' and I'm rushin' like that LeGarrette Blount  
Frontin' like you ballin' but you had to punt  
A pharaoh with a killer rep  
Movin' with a Philly vet, who put me on a Willie Pep  
And now I'm busting realer step  
Or I may be louder than Baby in Baby Driver  
Amazing, embrace the rhymer  
I'm major, you placed in minor  
I killed it  
You pay the piper like I'm rowdy Roddy  
Body ciphers like a Bengal tiger  
I'm hyper, there's no survivors  
My saliva melts steel  
The vibe is real (yeah)  
I'll autograph your bodybags so it's signed and sealed  
Yeah, you gotta give it to him  
Another pivotal win  
I'm coming at your neck like I work for Digital Sin  
Yo

Breathe  
I-Is you with me?  
Yes, yes  
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)  
Breathe  
Oh-Oh yeah  
Just you wait

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Yeah  
Listen, slime, you a nursery rhyme, spider on the back  
And mine is like putting a lighter to the crack  
That new Gucci shit got the tiger on the back  
And the Lamborghini sound like it's a lion in the back  
The goyard bags make it seem like its braille  
The HK got a scope and a beam on a rail  
See, as long as I'm alive I be the reason you fail  
And if you reach for somethin' I'ma have this nina repel (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)  
It took a minute but I'm back on my deen  
But I still got these hitters that'll clap through a bean (ta-ta-ta-ta)  
Ya'll ain't the fightin' type, I don't understand ya'll

All you hear is shots and sirens like you in a dance hall  
Arroz con gandules & mofongo when the fam call  
Puerto Ricans everywhere, it's like we playing handball  
Ya'll the type that for trick for plays, motherfuckers flea-flick  
Creep on 'em and murk him with the pillow that he sleep with

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Letter Concerning The Intellect"

Vinnie the chin, my mentor was Genovese  
Prada kicks the same color as fettuccine  
He tried to test his loyalty like Adebisi  
Nothing in common with anyone who had it easy  
This motherfucker talking guns when he had a BB  
In the tomb of the vizier with Nefertiti  
We honorable like we Tuskegee  
Bear claws and a buckskin leather tipi  
The hollow tips burn slow like they're pepperoncini  
I'm with Broken Matt Hardy and the seven deities  
Make salad so my soul will reset  
He a plug so I let the fuckin' modem connect  
Y'all got me confused like I givva give a fuck  
What y'all consider being on the up I call beginner's luck  
You's a small fry, Webster Papadopoulos  
Everything from here on released from you is posthumous

Yeah, the Gucci luggage is a rusty brown  
I need some fly shit to check into this dusty town  
I told you I don't fuck around  
I be in camouflage gore-Tex shorty in a lovely gown  
It's not a home if its occupants died  
He could take this fucking shot like his doctor prescribed  
How the fuck it's logic to him if his logic is lies  
With his miracle and Kabah and philosopher's eyes  
Mulberry silk is the favorite fabric  
Inshallah bring peace to the Asiatic  
While your wife is a basic savage  
Your body transported on wheels like a baby carriage  
Disrespectful I will mush you in your face  
Because disrespecting you is how I put you in your place  
This ain't nothing new, everybody know you been a ho  
Fiends here looking for the butter like a dinner roll

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Making A Killing"

(feat. Thea Alana)

There's absolutely no trick to looking back on the great injustices of our time  
And condemning them, we understand that, we've got that  
The trick is always to look at what we're doing today  
As if we're at some point in the future looking back  
And figure out what the oppressions and the injustices are that we're committing today  
And to get them out of our lives

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven said no

When you knocked out the door  
Your fire could kill a child and a mom  
Heaven said no  
When you pointed your gun  
Your face could make the joker wake up

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Do you have compassion for everything alive?  
Or animals don't matter to you, they can be deprived  
Animals are individuals and have feelings too  
They feel loneliness and happiness like people do  
25 billion killed every year  
The average person culpable for 90 plus a year  
Overcrowded stalls, cages, and crates  
No sunlight, no grass under their feet  
They breathe, and they think, and they feel  
But we feast, and we drink, and we kill  
Factory farms inject stimulants and hormones  
They're fed other cows, they're fed hog bones  
Hundreds of thousands are poisoned and blinded  
To test cosmetics for the small, small minded  
The rain forests being destroyed to raise cattle  
Wildlife habitat became the battle  
They spray farms with herbicides and pesticides  
You know how much poison is in insecticides?  
The same chemicals destroy topsoil and leak into the ground and turn the ocean into oil  
Genetically manipulated to grow larger  
Only to be led to the slaughter  
I don't see it as being a conquest  
But people need to fight while there's still time left

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven said no

When you knocked out the door  
Your fire could kill a child and a mom  
Heaven said no  
When you pointed your gun

Your face could make the joker wake up

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Crash and combine the crates and tear them by the neck  
They can't move their bodies and they could starve to death  
They bang their heads from the psychological distress  
Hellish conditions, that's not what I would call respect  
Would you do that to your dog or your cat?  
Do you really see the difference in a frog or a rat?  
What's sacred to you here might not be sacred in Tibet  
So who are you to say what should be eaten or a pet  
It's a revolving door and it turn, you can't differentiate between the moral concern  
An agitated pig might bite each other's tails  
So they hack it off at birth and then they lead it into hell  
Chicken beaks are seared off by farmers  
But they call it debeaking, I call it torture  
Boiled alive, you don't think it's karma?  
Money come before mercy, that's the mantra  
Cows give birth, their calves are separated  
Factory workers are either scared or they're jaded  
The leather industry is tied to the meat industry  
Inextricably they're both responsible for misery  
A non-meat diet can slow the process of aging  
Avoid toxic food, contaminants, and enslavement  
Reduce global warming and end world hunger  
So think about it next time you sit down for supper

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven said no  
When you knocked out the door  
Your fire could kill a child and a mom  
Heaven said no  
When you pointed your gun  
Your face could make the joker wake up